

2Pac Lyrics

"Ghetto Star"

(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]

Haha

For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)

Livin' the life of a ghetto star

(you know) You know how we do it hahaha

Makaveli

[2Pac:]

Just holla my name and witness game official

Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches

While I remain inside a paradox called my block

Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?

I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high

Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried

I send they bodies to they parents up North

With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off

Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues

Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come

Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter

Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter

Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?

Bring it on, forever strapped

Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far

Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]

I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight

Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life

Laced with game, practice on takin' pain

Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain

Street smart, proficient, intelligent

And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it

Movin' niggas with telekinesis

Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features

Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown

And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone

And hope niggas got punished

Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in

Back[?] - we tossed his ass out

M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth

Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G

Now the next generation's lookin' at me through [?]

[2Pac:]

Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried

See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me

Please give me shelter, calm my fears

Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears

I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic
Buried the bastard, time to notify
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified
Evacuate the crime scene fast
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana
Label me a success, I made the switch
Retired from the life that never gave me shit
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Nutt-So:]

Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody
I guess they heard that I got them birds
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

[2Pac:]

When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star

[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]

This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)
(smokin' weed)
I see you
Live your life as a ghetto star
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood
Claimin' gettin' riches
(spank bitches ain't new)
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star

(this is still 70 south)

Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you

It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

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